In Time to Come.

The flowers are dead that made a summer splendor
By wayside nooks and on the sunny hill,
And with regret these hearts of ours grow tender,
As sometimes all hearts will.

We loved the blossoms, for they helped to brighten
The lives so dark with wearying toil and care,
As hopes and dreams forever help to lighten
The heavy loads we bear.

How like the flowers, whose transient life is ended,
The hopes and dreams are, that for one brief hour,
Makes the glad heart a garden bright and splendid
About love's latticed bower.

One little hour of almost perfect pleasure,
A foretaste of the happiness to come,
Then sudden frost—the garden yields its treasure,
And stands in sorrow, dumb.

Oh, listen, heart! The flower may lose its glory
Beneath the touch of frost, but does not die,
In spring it will repeat the old, sweet story
Of God's dear by and by.

In heaven, if never here, the hopes we cherish—
The flowers of human lives we count as lost,
Will live again. Such beauty cannot perish;
And heaven has no frost.

—Eben E. Rexford.

THE BUNKO MAN.

The boss crook sighed as he poured a gill of brandy from a gilded decanter into a crystal chalice that rested upon a little table in the Hoffman house. "Yes," he said, "I was played for a sucker once, but I hate to tell about it. You ought not to ask a man to give himself away. Well, since you insist. I'll try to hide the pain it gives me and I'll tell you a tale that will make you weep for the perfidy of mankind. A mean trick, was it? "Well, I should say it was. Why, Nero would have blushed if he had ever done anything half as mean. It was so mean that I doubt if I'd have had the heart to do it myself.

"It was like this: I was coming down Broadway one evening in the fall, about two years ago, when I was engaged leading out-of-town gentlemen against bunko. That don't pay now. The newspapers have exposed the thing so often that the worst yahoo from Michigan knows the game, and as soon as you say anything about being the nephew of his bank he gets scared and calls the police. In those days it was running pretty well, though, and, as I was saying, I was coming down Broadway with my side partner, Tony Goodheart. Tony was the flyest man in the profesh to size up a duffer and do the preliminaries. He looked so green that anybody could tell in a minute to look at him that he wasn't up to anything crooked. Why, he had the most vacant, innocent face a man ever wore, and he was embarrassed so easily and blushed so much that everybody pitied him. But talk about cheek! He had the hardest nerve you ever read about. I believe he'll have the face at the judgment day to calmly walk over and take his place with the sheep, and then make a big kick if they say he's made a mistake. Well, I was telling how he came down Broadway, and there, in a doorway in the Fifth avenue hotel, stood a young fellow that I put down for the most blooming sucker I had come across in many a day. He was just ripe enough to be picked, and Tony and I nudged each other as soon as we put eyes on him. I sized him up right away for a dude from St. Louis or Milwaukee or Buffalo, who had come down to see the city and brought enough to have a good time. He had a smooth, round, pleasant face, was dressed very nicely, and leaned against the hotel pillar as if he was just a trifle lonesome, and we know he'd be right glad to find an old friend to show him about the city.

"Well, I went over and sat down on a bench in the park and Tony walked by the hotel. As he passed the young fellow he glanced at him, gave a start, looked again and recognized him.

"'Hello, old man,' he says, rushing up and seizing his hand in the regulation way. 'How are you? What are you doing down here? Why didn't you let me know you were coming?'

"The young man looked at him very hard while Tony still kept shaking his hand and inquiring about his mother and his sisters, and then he said: 'Really, you've made a mistake. I don't recollect ever seeing you before.'

"You never saw a man so embarrassed and distressed in your life as Tony was. I could see him blush clear across Broadway.

"'I beg a thousand pardons," he said, 'but it's a most extraordinary resemblance. Why, even now I could almost swear that you were my old college friend, Henderson, of Chicago, at Princeton, if I hadn't heard your voice."

"The young man fell right into the trap as beautifully as anybody could wish.

"'It's very complimentary to your friend Henderson, I'm sure," he said; 'but I'm a very different man. My name is Thomas, and I come from Cleveland.'

"'That's singular, too,' said Tony, with more embarassment than ever. 'I'm sure you'll excuse me asking the question, but it isn't Thomas Thomas, is it? My sister met a young gentleman of that name in Cleveland last summer, and she's been talking about him ever since. Is it possible that you are Thomas Thomas?"

"'Under the circumstances,' returned the young man politely, 'I am very sorry that I am not Thomas Thomas. My name is Isaac Thomas.'

"Then Tony begged his pardon again, blushed a great deal more, and walked on across the Fifth avenue crossing, and came along and met me at 22d street. 'He's the easiest sucker I ever worked,' Tony said to me after he told me the name and address. 'You ought to finish him before midnight. Meet you in the old place, heh?'

"Well, then my part of the contract began. I took a Broadway car up past the hotel, so as to come down the other way, and the young follow was still standing by the pillar. I got off at 24th street and came down Broadway. He was there yet. I started into the hotel and looked him in the face as I passed him. Then I came back and stared at him again. "I'll be hanged,' I said to him, 'if you're not Ikey Thomas grown up to be a man! Permit me to squeeze your flesh. And I held out my hand.

"The young fellow took my hand and shook it warmly, looking sharply and questioningly into my face.

"'Don't you remember your old playmate of fifteen years ago?' I asked. 'Don't you remember Jacob Higgins—little Jackey that used to play with you in the old park?'

"You see, it generally takes in a sucker more to give him a homely name like Jacob Higgins than a fancy one like Montague St. John, and you can strike a man at home almost any time with an old park. Everybody has played in an old park sometime during his childhood. Well, Isaac Tnomas racked his brain and found that he did remember me, and I asked him in to have a drink. So we strolled in and sat down at a table, and I called in a waiter and asked Thomas what he'd have.

"I seldom drink anything but wine," he said. 'Bring me a quart of Piper Heidseick.'

"I was a little startled because I didn't have much money with me, and I had supposed he'd call for whisky or some other 15 cent drink. But I comforted myself with the thought that he was so blooded he must have quite a pile of blue chips. Well, we drank the wine, and I paid the waiter $3 for it out of the solitary X I had with me. Then Thomas—or Ike, as I affectionately called him—suggested that I go down to the Astor house with him to meet a friend, and that we'd do the city together. I went down there with him and he didn't find his friend, and I decided to throw out another $4 for wine, just to give him a hint that I didn't care a d—— for expenses, so as to make him correspondingly liberal. My dear friend Ikey drank his half of the wine like a little man, and then we set forth. Just as we started up Broadway to look for a cab I asked him to come in and get a cigar. 'I have some in my pocket,' he said and unbuttoned his coat for the first time—as I afterward recollected—since I had made his acquaintance, to get at his cigar case.

"I only looked once at his waistcoat, and then threw my whole soul into my legs and darted down Barclay street, for I saw a badge glittering there. 'Great heaven!' I said to myself as I ran, 'I have actually picked up a detective,' and it would have done you good to have seen me slide the sidewalk under me. Well, Ikey ran right after me and overtook me.

"'Say,' he said, 'what's the matter? You are not going to leave little Ikey who used to play in the old park with you in that kind of a style, are you?'

"'That's right,' I said. 'You've got me now, and can afford to be funny, but please don't fire off any more of that sarcasm.'

"'I'm rather sorry,' Ikey said, 'that things have turned out this way. I suppose it was that confounded fire badge that scared you off.'

"'Fire badge!' I said, 'Ain't you a detective?'

"'No,' he replied, 'I'm a newspaper reporter, and I've been hoping for months that some of you fellows would pick me up, so that I could write about it, and here that old fire badge has disrupted my first opportunity.'

"It turned out that he'd been to a fire where reporters have to wear a badge to get inside the lines, and he'd forgotten to take it off. It gave me a bad scare, I can tell you. Well, he asked me to take a drink with him, but I was so ashamed of being taken in that I got him to let me off, and he went away, after asking me to remember him when I get back to the old park in Cleveland."—*N. Y. Times.*

How a Cannon-Ball Sensates.

M. Boutibouse, the French savant, served in Napoleon's army and was present at many engagements. At the battle of Wagram, in 1809, he was in the heat of the fray; the ranks around him had been terribly thinned by shot, and at sunset he was nearly isolated. While reloading his musket he was shot down by a cannon-ball. His impression was that the ball had passed through his legs below his knees, completely severing them, for he suddenly sank down, shortened as he believed, to the extent of about a foot in measurement. The trunk of his body fell backward on the ground, and the man's senses were paralyzed by the shock. Thus he lay, motionless, among the wounded and dead all night, not daring to move, when consciousness partially returned, lest the loss of blood should be fatally increased. That he felt no pain he attributed to the stunning effect of the shock on his nervous system, and he was still mentally too numbed to be able to reason as to why he had not bled to death.

At early dawn he was aroused by one of the medical staff, who came round to help the wounded. "What's the matter with you, my good fellow?" said the surgeon. "Ah, touch me tenderly, doctor," replied M. Boutibouse; "a cannon-ball has carried off my legs!" The surgeon examined the limbs referred to, and then giving him a good shake, said, with a loud laugh: "Get up with you; there's nothing the matter with your legs!" M. Boutibouse sprang up in utter astonishment, and stood firmly on the legs which he thought he had lost forever. "I felt more thankful," said he, "than I had ever felt in the whole course of my life before. I had not a wound about me. I had indeed been shot down by an immense cannon-ball, but instead of passing through my legs, as I firmly believed it had, the ball had passed under my feet and had ploughed a hole in the earth beneath at least a foot in depth, into which my feet suddenly sank, giving me the idea that I had been thus shortened by the loss of my legs."—*London Family Herald.*

Has any one observed that rooms in which geraniums and calceolarial grow are free from flies? The Boston *Herald* has the following from a correspondent: "For three years I have lived in a town, and during that time my sitting-room has been free from flies, three only walking about my breakfast-table, while all the neighbors' rooms are crowded. I often congratulated myself on my escape, but never knew the reason of it until a few days ago. I then had occasion to remove my goods to another house, while I remained on for a few days longer. Among other things were a few boxes of geraniums and calceolarias, which stood in my window, being open to its full extent, top and bottom. The boxes were not gone half an hour till my room was as full of flies as those of my neighbors around me. This, to me, was a new discovery.

If a child is so unfortunate as to chop off one of his fingers with a meat ax it does not follow that he is to remain mutilated for life. Dr. Fave, of Finistere, was called to one whose first finger was hanging by a small piece of skin. Not being willing to do surgical work at night he put the finger in place and braced it with a couple of corset bones. Next day the finger was doing so well that he did not disturb it. In four days there was evidence of union, in ten days the child could move the finger, and in a month he was completely cured. No stitches were used. Dr. Fave thinks that there is too much hasty surgery, and the editor of the *Journal de Medecine*, in agreement with him, says that with modern surgical dressings fingers may often be saved, even when completely severed.

A large amount of money in Mexican silver has been discovered at Archie's Fork, Arkansas, believed to have been left there by a Spanish pirate.

DEFENDING WOMEN.

A Bride Gives Her Husband Some Points in Male Gallantry.

I hold it to be a truth constantly self-evident that every man will defend a woman against all men except himself. If you haven't noticed it already you have only to look for it an hour or so in any place of mixture of the sexes. Clap your eyes on a pretty woman without male escort, and two phenomena will become obvious. Firstly, there will be a large amount of open and covert staring at her, to all of which her obliviousness is of course only assumed. Secondly, if one of the starers happens to realize that others are at the same game he will manifest plainly his disgust at such treatment of an unprotected beauty, utterly ignoring his own offense. A husband and wife got into a street-car. The man was somewhat dudish in dress. The woman was under 20, and as pretty as nature and art are in the habit of combining to produce. They were chatting on the very subject that I have here introduced.

"Percival, dear," said she. "I will prove to you that I am right, and take only ten minutes to do it, if you will promise not to get angry about it."

He closed the contract. Then she drew herself up, as though the husband sitting beside her was an entire stranger, and waited for the car to fill with passengers at Union square.

"Now," she whispered behind her fan, "observe how I am ogled when alone."

Within five minutes he saw that half a dozen masculine passengers, from hoary age to callow youth, eyed his bride with more or less audacity and several manifestly would not have needed the smallest beginning of a wink on her part to seize upon her then and there. That part of the exhibition was a triumph for the wife, but the most curious feature of her experiment remained to be tried.

"You certainly do seem to attract a great deal of admiration," said the husband, supposing that the pretended strangeness was at an end.

She lifted her eyebrows in simulated surprise, as though an impertinent fellow had unwarrantedly accosted her, and pointedly turned her face away from him. He understood her now, and did not speak to her further. Next she drew her shoulder away from contact with his. By this time the spectators were believing that he was annoying her dreadfully, and scornful glances were aimed at him. Her final trick was conclusive. It consisted in suddenly pulling her skirts clear of his trousers, and deliberately settling her feet as far in the other direction as the end of the car would permit. Nobody doubted that the dear, demure creature had been grossly insulted. A man arose from the opposite side. "Will you exchange seats with me?" he very gallantly and politely said, lifting his hat most deferentially.

Now, he had been foremost among the original oglers—the veriest simpleton of them all.

"Thank you, sir," she replied, as bland as a white heifer, "but I prefer to sit beside my husband."

Thus with the same stone she killed that vulture-bird and the dove-mate whom she had undertaken to instruct as to the philosophy of male gallantry. *New York Letter.*

Autumn Alligator-Hunting.

The men who hunt alligators for their hides and teeth are now reaping a rich harvest. The hunters receive $1 apiece for all hides four feet long and upward.

Two young men killed fifty alligators in one week recently in this neighborhood. They begin hunting as soon as it becomes thoroughly dark. Their hunting outfit consists of a bull's-eye lantern, in camp language called "look 'em up," a double-barreled shotgun, or "kill 'em sure," and a hatchet, with which they split the alligator's skull, to which they give the very expressive name of "dynamite." The man who is to do the shooting for the night fastens the lantern to his forehead, and takes his place in the bow of a small boat. His partner paddles the boat cautiously along the stream, while the man in the bow keeps a sharp lookout for alligators' eyes, which, under favorable circumstances, he can "shine" with his lantern at a distance of 200 yards. As soon as they discover a pair of eyes they paddle cautiously up to within a couple of feet of the alligator's head and discharge a load of buckshot into it. As soon as the shot is fired the paddler catches the alligator by the jaws, which he holds together with one hand while he cleaves the skull open with his hatchet.

Sometimes the alligators retain considerable power of action. When such is the case it is rather exciting work getting them into the boat. Sometimes very large alligators turn the boat over. If an alligator is not handled at once after being wounded, he sinks to the bottom and is lost.

I asked one of the hunters, who has killed more than 1,000 alligators, what was the size of the largest one he ever killed, and he told me 13½ feet long. He said that his father killed one on the St. John's River 17½ feet long, the head of which, when placed in a flour barrel, projected two inches over the top. He sold it to a museum for $65.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A great many people in Switzerland are engaged in raising snails. During the summer children are engaged in gathering the snails, which are taken to a plot of ground surrounded by a sort of hedge of sawdust, which prevents them from getting away. They are placed on bushes, which are also surrounded with sawdust, and they soon grow very fat by feeding on the leaves. At the approach of cold weather they drop down into the sawdust and bury themselves. When wanted they are raked out, packed in two hundred weight baskets and sent off to Italy, where as "Burgundy snails" they command a ready sale.

John Connors of Split Rock delivers himself of the following to the Syracuse (N. Y.) *Herald*: "A few days ago I was hunting woodcock in the vicinity of Mud Lake. On nearing a clump of bushes near the edge of the lake my pointer dog Lulu came to a point on what I thought was a bird. I told her to go on and put the bird up, but she could not start it. I walked on the other side of the bushes and there sat a boy. He had been fishing for bullheads. The dog on coming near one of the largest of the fish came again to a point. I asked the boy to let me open the largest of the fish. It weighed about two pounds, and I found in it a ten woodcock partly digested. That is what my dog had been scenting.

"PERMANENT"

There are medicines which give only temporary relief and then leave the sufferer worse off than before, especially in cases of dyspepsia. Remember that this is not the way with Brown's Iron Bitters. See what Mr. J. M. Gaines of Gaines, S. C., says about this prince of tonics: "My wife has been troubled with dyspepsia for years, and now I believe she is permanently cured." It also cures liver and kidney complaints.

Shakespeare's daughter could not write her own name. Her father could write it, but nearly always spelled it wrong.

The agricultural editor says there is quite a difference between a fair association and a sewing society He had better look out.

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.—Franklin.

A wealthy man who obtains his wealth honestly and uses it rightly, is a great blessing to the community.

The fault with most all cough preparations is that they contain morphia, and are absolutely injurious to the stomach and nerves. That simple preparation of wild cherry bark, called Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, contains no morphia and yet will cure a cough or cold in less time than any other compound. It is the only reliable cure for consumption.

In all things preserve integrity; and the consciousness of thine own uprightness will alleviate the toil of business, soften the harness of ill-success and disappointments, and give thee an humble confidence before God when the ingratitude of man, or the iniquity of the times may rob thee of other reward. - Paley.

Energy will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a man without it.—Goethe.

The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures.—Sidney Smith.

Many who long suffered from urinary and digestive diseases, causing nervousness, weakness and debility, after trying bitters, kidney medicines, iron medicines; etc , without benefit, have found permanent relief in from one to three bottles of Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, the only perfect blood purifier and strengthener. Hundreds of letters to the proprietors have testified to its superiority over the many pretended cures so largely advertised by means of bogus certificates that are bought and paid for.

An Indiana man bet his sweetheart on Blaine, and when, after the election, she went over to the other fellow, he accused her of playing him false. Some men are never satisfied.

Resolve to edge in a little reading every day, if it is but a single sentence; if you gain fifteen minutes a day, it will make itself felt at the end of the year. —H. Mann.

Building of the Canadian Pacific Railroad will continue throughout the winter. Twenty thousand men are employed

Woman's best friend for relieving the many pains and weaknesses incidental to female life, and one that gives rosy cheeks, brightens the eyes, checks every unnatural drain and creates a perfect picture of health and beauty, is Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood, strengthens the female system, and removes all felling of languor, distress, pimples, sores and weakness, producing dreamless slumber and painless regularity of natural functions.

In the general paring down now in progress, will the wages of sin be reduced?

With umbrellas, like men, it is generally the poorest that gets left.—New York Journal.

Ben Butler has appeared in public since election without a buttonhole bouquet. He is no longer a workingman.

It is said that Patti has been in opera twenty-five years. We know, however, that she has sung forte.—Philadelphia Call.

A manuscript page of Lincoln's last message, in his own handwriting, sold for $150 at a book sale in Washington not long ago.

Young Hyson is an awful teas.

Robert Browning is correcting the proofs of a new poem.

The people of Galesburg, Ill., are rejoicing over the discovery of coal in their neighborhood.

Nurture your mind with great thoughts. To believe in the heroic makes heroes.—B. Disraeli.

The police had to lasso an insane Tennesseean who was chasing his wife on horseback.

"We're just driven to death," replied the undertaker when asked how his business prospered.—Boston Times.

An exchange has a poem "On the Birth of Twins" and didn't know enough to make the rhyme a couplet —St. Paul Day

The original barber-queue—The pigtail of a Chinese tonsorial artist.—New York Journal.

W. N. U. D—2—52